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# HOBO!



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## Chapter 1 by bruh26

I was just walking down the street, and saw a man. He simply verified the uneasy coincidence of a homeless man, which I guess made sense. He started running towards me, in a sort of lunge type of way. I looked over my shoulder, and there I saw a second hobo, just staring at me. I started to run as fast as my legs could go, but no matter how fast I went, That poor homeless man, who actually really smelled like poop, would always be right behind me. The second one, now started to chase me. I ran into my house and locked the door. Then, I realized that these people weren't hobo's, they were zombies!

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



This was strange. In every zombie movie I had seen to date, zombies could not run. I should know, living in the near-apocalypse.

I say near because as much havoc as the zombie virus has wrought, the zombies themselves aren't that big of a deal. Movies might make it seem otherwise, but a tried and true zombie outbreak is really lame, if anything. For one, decaying bodies don't do too well exposed to the elements. After all, there's a reason why we embalm our dead. Whether it's rain or shine, they don't stand a chance. Additionally, there's a reason why the Center for Disease Control exists. Within a year, they had a vaccination for the virus. It wouldn't do you too much good if they ripped you to shreds, but a bite itself didn't deal any damage - past the pain of one, of course.

A heck of a lot of good that did for my girlfriend, though. She was one of the unlucky few whom the vaccine didn't totally work for. Something about her genepool. Anyway, a bite for her meant

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## Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



She smiles at me, chopping vegetables for dinner later this afternoon. If her skin wasn't a sickly shade of green, you wouldn't be able to tell that anything was wrong with her. Still, the fluid had kept the worst at bay. I was happy to have the woman underneath. I drew close to the kitchen and kissed her forehead, forgetting almost instantly about the zombie outside. By now, I'm sure a Patroller has taken it down. There are quotas to fill, after all. Life will go on as normal. Me and my girlfriend will go on as normal.

Well, not quite. I thumb the small box in my pocket thoughtfully. Yes, siree - the near-apocalypse is probably the best thing to have ever happened to me.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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